

that they come from my Niece, and that shee's in loue with him.

Mar. My purpose is indeed a horse of that colour.

An. And your horse now would make him an Ass.

Mar. Ass, I doubt not.

An. O twill be admirable.

Mar. Sport royall I warrant you: I know my Physicke will worke with him, I will plant you two, and let the Foole make a third, where he shall finde the Letter: obserue his construction of it: For this night to bed, and dreame on the euent: Farewell. *Exit*

To. Good night *Penthesilea*.

An. Before me shee's a good wench.

To. Shee's a beagle true bred, and one that adores me: what o'that?

An. I was ador'd once too.

To. Let's to bed knight: Thou hadst neede send for more money.

An. If I cannot recouer your Niece, I am a foule way out.

To. Send for money knight, if thou hast her not i'th end, call me Cut.

An. If I do not, neuer trust me, take it how you will.

To. Come, come, Ile go burne some Sacke, tis too late to go to bed now: Come knight, come knight. *Exeunt*

Scena Quarta.

Enter Duke, Viola, Curio, and others.

Du. Give me some Musick; Now good morow friends. Now good *Cesario*, but that peece of song, That old and Anticke song we heard last night; Me thought it did releue my passion much, More then light ayres, and recollected termes Of these most b riske and giddy-paced times. Come, but on e verse.

Cur. He is not heere (so please your Lordshippe) that should sing it?

Du. Who was it?

Cur. Feste the Iester my Lord, a foole that the Ladie *Olinia*'s Father tooke much delight in. He is about the house.

Du. Seeke him out, and play the tune the while. *Musicke plays.*

Come hither Boy, if euer thou shalt loue In the sweet pangs of it, remember me: For such as I am, all true Louers are, Vnfaid and skittish in all motions else, Saue in the constant image of the creature That is belou'd. How dost thou like this tune?

Viola. It giues a verie echo to the seate Where loue is thron'd.

Du. Thou dost speake masterly, My life vpon't, yong though thou art, thine eye Hath staid vpon some fauour that it loues: Hath it not boy?

Viola. A little, by your fauour.

Du. What kinde of woman is't?

Viola. Of your complexion.

Du. She is not worth thee then. What yeares is faith?

Viola. About your yeeres my Lord.

Du. Too old by heauen: Let still the woman take

An elder then her selfe, so weares she to him; So swayes she leuell in her husbands heart: For boy, howeuer we do praise our selues, Our fancies are more giddie and vnfirm, More longing, wauering, sooner lost and worne, Then womens are.

Viola. I thinke it well my Lord.

Du. Then let thy Loue be yonger then thy selfe, Or thy affection cannot hold the bent: For women are as Roses, whose faire flowre Being once displaid, doth fall that verie howre.

Viola. And so they are: alas, that they are so: To die, euen when they to perfection grow.

Enter Curio & Clowne.

Du. O fellow come, the long we had last night: Marke it *Cesario*, it is old and plaine; The Spinsters and the Knitters in the Sun, And the free maides that weaue their thred with bones, Do vse to chaunt it: it is silly sooth, And dallies with the innocence of loue, Like the old age.

Cur. Are you ready Sir?

Duke. I prethee sing.

The Song.

Come away, come away death,

And in sad cypresse let me be laide.

Fye away, fye away breath,

I am slaine by a faire cruell maide:

My shrowd of white, fluck all with thee, O prepare it.

My part of death no one so true did share it.

Not a flower, not a flower sweete

On my blacke coffin, let there be strewe:

Not a friend, not a friend greet

My poore corpes, where my bones shall be strewe:

A thousand thousand sighes to saue, lay me where

Sad true louers neuer find my graue, to weepe there.

Du. There's for thy paines.

Cur. No paines sir, I take pleasure in singing sir.

Du. Ile pay thy pleasure then.

Cur. Truly sir, and pleasure will be paid one time, or another.

Du. Give me now leaue, to leaue thee.

Cur. Now the melancholly God protect thee, and the Tailor make thy doublet of changeable Taffata, for thy minde is a very Opall. I would haue men of such constancie put to Sea, that their businesse might be euerie thing, and their intent euerie where, for that's it, that alwayes makes a good voyage of nothing. Farewell. *Exit*

Du. Let all the rest giue place: Once more *Cesario*, Get thee to yond same foueraigne crueltie:

Tell her my loue, more noble then the world

Prizes not quantitie of dirtie lands,

The parts that fortune hath bestow'd vpon her:

Tell her I hold as giddily as Fortune:

But 'tis that miracle, and Queene of Iems

That nature pranks her in, attracts my soule.

Viola. But if she cannot loue you sir.

Du. It cannot be so answer'd.

Viola. Sooth but you must.

Say that some Lady, as perhappes there is,

Hath for your loue as great a pang of heart

As you haue for *Olinia*: you cannot loue her:

You tel her so: Must she not then be answer'd?

Du. There is no womans fides

Can bide the beating of so strong a passion, As loue doth giue my heart: no womans heart So bigge, to hold so much, they lacke retention.

Alas, their loue may be call'd appetite,

No motion of the Liuer, but the Pallar,

That suffer surfet, cloyment, and reuolt,

But mine is all as hungry as the Sea,

And can digest as much, make no compare

Betweene that loue a woman can beare me,

And that I owe *Olinia*.

Viola. I but I know.

Du. What dost thou know?

Viola. Too well what loue women to men may owe:

In faith they are as true of heart, as we.

My Father had a daughter lou'd a man

As it might be perhaps, were I a woman

I should your Lordship.

Du. And what's her history?

Viola. A blanke my Lord: she neuer told her loue,

But let concealment like a worme i'th budde

Feede on her damaske cheek: she pin'd in thought,

And with a Greene and yellow melancholly,

She sate like Patience on a Monument,

Smiling at griefe. Was not this loue indeede?

Women may say more, sweare more, but indeed

Our shewes are more then will: for still we proue

Much in our vowes, but little in our loue.

Du. But didst thou sister of her loue my Boy?

Viola. I am all the daughters of my Fathers house,

And all the brothers too: and yet I know not.

Sir, shall I to this Lady?

Du. I that's the Theame,

To her in haste: giue her this Iewell: say,

My loue can giue no place, bide no deny. *Exeunt*

Scena Quinta.

Enter Sir Toby, Sir Andrew, and Fabian.

To. Come thy wayes Signior *Fabian*.

Fab. Nay Ile come: if I loose a scruple of this sport, let me be boy'd to death with Melancholly.

To. Wouldst thou not be glad to haue the niggardly Rascally sheepe-biter, come by some notable shame?

Fab. I would exult man: you know he brought me out o' fauour with my Lady, about a Beare-baiting heere.

To. To anger him wee'l haue the Beare againe, and we will foole him blacke and blew, shall we not sir *Andrew*?

An. And we do not, it is pittie of our liues.

Enter Maria.

To. Heere comes the little villaine: How now my Mettle of India?

Mar. Get ye all three into the box tree: *Maluolio*'s coming downe this walke, he has beene yonder i'th Sunne practising behauiour to his own shadow this halfe

houre: obserue him for the loue of Mockerie: for I know this Letter will make a contemptuouse Ideot of him. Close in the name of leasting, lye thou there: for heere comes the Trowt, that must be caught with tickling. *Exit*

Enter Maluolio.

Mal. 'Tis but Fortune, all is fortune. *Maria* once told me she did affect me, and I haue heard her self come thus neere, that should shee fancie, it should bee one of my complexion. Besides she vses me with a more ex-

alted respect, then any one else should I thinke on't?

To. Heere's an ouer-weening

Fa. Oh peace: Contempe

Cocke of him, how he iets vnd

And. Slight I could so bea

To. Peace I say.

Mal. To be Count *Maluolio*

To. Ah Rogue.

An. Pistoll him, pistoll him

To. Peace, peace.

Mal. There is example for

chy, married the yeoman of the

An. Fie on him Iezabel.

Fa. O peace, now he's deep

nation blowes him.

Mal. Hauing beene three

sitting in my state.

To. O for a stone-bow to

Mal. Calling my Officers

Velvet gowne: hauing come

have left *Olinia* sleeping.

To. Fire and Brimstone.

Fa. O peace, peace.

Mal. And then to haue th

a demure trauaile of regard:

place, as I would they should

kinsman *Toby*.

To. Bolies and shackles.

Fa. Oh peace, peace, peace

Mal. Seauen of my peop

make out for him: I frowne

winde v'p my watch, or play

Toby approaches; curtisies ther

To. Shall this fellow liue?

Fa. Though our silence be

yet peace.

Mal. I extend my hand to

familiar smile with an austere

To. And do's not *Toby* tak

then?

Mal. Saying, Cosine *Toby*

me on your Niece, giue me thi

To. What, what?

Mal. You must amend you

To. Out scab.

Fab. Nay patience, or we b

plot?

Mal. Besides you waste the

with a foolish knight.

And. That's mee I warrant

Mal. One sir *Andrew*.

And. I knew 'twas I, for m

Mal. What employment h

Fa. Now is the Woodcock

To. Oh peace, and the spiri

ding aloud to him.

Mal. By my life this is my

very C's, her V's, and her T's,

great P's. It is in contempt of

An. Her C's, her V's, and

Mal. To the unknowne belon

Her very Phrases: By your lea

pressure her *Lucrece*, with whic

Lady: To whom should this b

Fab. This winnes him, *Liu*